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A PHANTASY.

The New Year lay a listening
Amid the drifting snow,
And would not heed
And could not speed,
And knew not where to go.
"Fair Earth," said he,
"If I should come
And make my home
Erewhile with thee,
What precious boon
By night or noon,
Hast thou for me?"

"Flowers and blight,
And song and storm,
And Wintery night
And mid-day warm,
Delight and dole
With love and strife,
Heart and soul
And busy life---
These, good Year,
I'll give to thee.
And now, sweet Year,
What hast for me?"

Low laughed the Year;
"'Tis well to give
The things *I* bring
That thou mayst live.
Now tell me, Earth,
Which gifts are thine,
And which are mine,
By right of birth?
And what were I,
Still lacking thee?
And what were thou
Bereft of me?"

The Earth had not
A word to say,
But rolled along
Its steady say;
And still the Year lay listening
Amid the drifting snow,
That would not heed
And could not speed,
And knew not where to go.

The Story of a Singular Character.

On a drive with some friends over Pomfret Hills, Ct., the other day, we called on a singular character---a man who is 30 years old, who is deaf, dumb and blind. Whether he would have been dumb or not had he been blessed with the sense of hearing, it is impossible to tell, but his glimmerings of intellect are evidently rather feeble. The man is well developed physically; is of ordinary hight; has a stout thick neck, and looks strong and robust; has never eaten anything but milk; has never tasted water nor a particle of food but milk. Thirty years on clear milk, and with a neck like an ox, and apparently a muscular system to correspond. Can we say now that milk is for babies and calves, and not for strong men. This man had a full set of strong double teeth clear round, and every one of them had to be pulled out, as he tore his clothes to pieces with them. As he didn't use them to chew milk with, he probably thought he must make some use of them, as they were evidently made for something, and his clothes furnished excellent material on which to exercise them.

Another peculiarity of this strange being is that through all his life long he has chewed a rag---or rather, I should say, has gummed it since his strong teeth were taken from him. From infancy his mother has had to place a rag in his mouth as soon as he had taken his food. She said he gave her no peace till she put it back. He distinguished strangers from the neighbors and those who had visited him before. I took hold of his hand and he took it in both of his and seemed to be considering; then he passed his hand up the length of my arm, and patted his head and chest and made a singular gutteral noise. His mother said that was his way of expressing joy---of showing that he was pleased. His principal enjoyment seems to consist in having his mother get through with her work and sit down by his side. He has a swing in the room, in which he spends a good part of the time swinging. Sometimes when he is mother steps out, he will lock the door so that she can't get back again, which shows that he has some wit about him, or trickery at least. He is always very wakeful at night, and rouses his mother out of bed many times in the night. She says he has lived thus without a good night's rest for 30 years, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday nights.

Every Saturday night he calms down like a lamb, and keeps that night and all the Sunday after in the strict letter of the old "blue laws" of Connecticut. His mother attributes this hebdomadal to the fact that she changes his clothes on Saturday night. But it is probably owing to the mere fact of change from the ordinary routine. This slight ripple of change is a change to him, and the rest a sort of weekly landmark in the dreary, monotonous blank of his life. Perhaps through the cloud and mist of his vacant mind he welcomes this slight ripple, and thus in his poor way computes the flight of time. What meaneth it to such a mind as this? To wake and sleep, to draw the breath, to take a pint of milk. The sun goes round, the seasons change, but naught of this knows he. Nations arise and nations fall---'tis the same to him. One dreary round, forever blank---will death improve his state? The bird that flies, the fish that swims, has better life than this.

Anecdotes of John Bunyan.

To pass away the gloomy hours in prison, Bunyan took a rail out of the stool belonging to his cell, and with his knife, fashioned it into a flute. The keeper hearing music, followed the sound to Bunyan's cell, but while he was unlocking the door the ingenious prisoner placed the rail in the stool, so that the searchers were unable to solve the mystery; nor during the remainder of Bunyan's residence in the jail, did they ever discover how the music had been produced.

In an old account of Bedford there is an equally good anecdote, to the effect that a Quaker called upon Bunyan in jail, one day, with what he professed to be a message from the Lord. "After searching for thee," said he, "in half the jails of England, I am glad to have found thee at last." "If the Lord sent thee," said Bunyad, sarcastically, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knows I have been in Bedford jail these seven years past."

Historical and Personal.

Louis XIV. was in 1691 not much beyond the prime of life, and he was still in all the strength of his glory. He was fifty-three years old, and undoubtedly at the head of Europe, Spain being decadent, Germany divided, and England only beginning her reaction against the vassalage of Charles II. and his brother, under the leadership of William of Orange. He had gained all the important triumphs which had given him the title of "Great," and the taint of fraud in some of which has been so bitterly expiated by France in our own time. He was master of French Flanders, Franche-Comte, and Burgundy. He had inflicted horrible sufferings upon Holland and Germany. He had taken Luxembourg, stolen Strasburg, and bought Casal. His ambition was known to be still unsatisfied; his designs upon the Spanish crown were foreseen; and hence Europe was now engaged in the confederacy which shook his kingdom to its foundations, and prepared humiliation for his gloomy old age. The influence of the men of genius (his support of whom constituted his charm in the eyes of Voltaire) was still unrivaled, although some of the greatest of them had passed away. His personal despotism retained all its unquestioned ascendancy, and was one of the dangerous legacies which he left to his family and to France. In private life the king had now become what we may call a respectable sinner, and was gradually sliding into a quasi-devout condition---half conventional, half founded on fear of the devil---under the adroit management of Madame de Maintenon. That lady had been a respectable sinner herself, and was a penitent after his Majesty's own fashion, having passed from a decorous demirep into a private unacknowledged wife, and added to the perfumes of Versailles a tinge of holy water. She ruled over Louis' passion of religious fear, as the Valliere, the Montespan, the Fontanges had over another passion, and, as far as we can see, with quite as little excuse. Sensual by calculation, amusing by study, with the cunning of Becky Sharp varnished over with the gravity of a court which was always pompous in its gayest times, she suited the mature Louis admirably. And she got her reward for betraying the Montespan, persecuting the Protestants, deserting Fenelon, and so forth---*not* the declaration of marriage which she hoped, but the privilege of nursing a morose, melancholy, disappointed, and meanly-timid old man, round whose neck she had hung relics probably as false as her caresses, and whom she fled from forever when he had the death-rattle in his throat. Of all the mistresses of Louis XIV., we confess that the one we like least is the legal one.---*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Farmer's Vocation Perpetual.

We need not fear that the human race will ever cease to have a delight in the cultivation of land---the raising of grain and fruits---in planting trees. Men always did delight in the pleasure of agriculture. It has been the chosen pursuit of the ablest and wisest men in all ages. The pleasures of the husbandman have been the theme of poets and orators in every language and in every land. These pleasures, Cicero tells us, are not checked by any old age, and make the nearest approach to the life of a wise man. And he tells us that Homer introduces Laertes, soothing the regret which he felt for his son, by tilling the land and manuring it. Marcus Curius, after he had triumphed over the Samnites, over the Sabines, over Pyrrhus, spent the closing period of his existence in agricultural pursuits. Cincinnatus was at the plow when it was announced to him that he was made Dictator. "God Almighty," says Lord Bacon, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Addison says a garden was the first habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. The philosopher Bolingbroke was never so happy Pope tells us, as when among the haymakers on his farm. And not alone in the refinements of rural life will there be an interest. Farmers hold the world together. There may be years when they seem to be of less consequence. Trade or manufacturers may allure some of them for a time. But there will ever be latent in every man's breast a hope to end his days on a farm.

The remarkable faculty which dogs have of finding their way home from a strange locality by paths previously unknown to them seems to fail in great cities, where dogs so frequently lose their way completely. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* thinks that they "have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariners' compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currrents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames with special organizations seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog which can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning to right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction.

The girls in the first class of the High School in Portland, Maine, have made a decided movement in favor of simplicity in dress. The class, between thirty and forty in number, have almost unanimously agreed to adopt for school wear dresses of plain, substantial, and inexpensive material. Fanciful ornaments and jewelry are to be used only to a limited extent, which is specified and fully understood by the girls. Many pupils in the lower classes are following their example. Any movement to cause the young girls in America to dress simply is worthy of highest commendation. It is painful to see those who are fresh and young, and who are ostensibly occupied in gaining an education, so dressed as to show plainly that their thoughts are largely spent upon outward adornments.

The number of hogs slaughtered in Cincinnati, for one week was 43,000, and the whole number from November 1 to the present date 379,000.

The Fear of Death.

The dread of death is universal and instinctive; and yet how many rush into its arms! Suicide is a most impressive fact in this connection. The disappointed lover, the discouraged adventurer, the suspected clerk, the child wounded in its self-love or fearful punishment, faces the great enemy and invites his blow. Every now and then the community is shocked by suicides so unprovoked and so frequent as almost to persuade us that the natural fear of death is passing away. The inconsistency is easily explained. Lord Bacon says there is no passion that will not overmaster the terror of death. For passion is thoughtless; occupied wholly with an immediate suffering, it makes no estimate of any other kind of pain; absorbed in an instantaneous sorrow, it takes no other sorrow into account. The mind entertains but one passion at a time, whether it be joy or fear. But men are not always or generally under the influence of passion. Ordinary life is calm, calculating, considerate, and it is to ordinary life that death is so terrible. It is the thought of death is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering, it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a fearful face, livid and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror, and would turn away from, but for a hideous fascination that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is not any more seen; the face is the face of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that the terror of death is in apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said he never saw a person of any belief, condition or experience, unwilling to die when the time came; and my own more limited observation confirms the truth of the remark. Death is an ordinance of nature, and like every ordinance of nature is directed by beneficent laws to beneficent ends. What must be, is made welcome. Necessity is beautiful.

Poor People.

There are various kinds of poverty. People perishing with famine are poor. People that cannot procure fuel in the winter, nor sufficient clothing for warmth and comfort, are poor,- People that are compelled by their circumstances to live in squalid apartments, in ill-ventilated alleys, are poor. People that are infirm in health, and need a warmer climate and have no means to go away with, are poor. These are poor in their own view, and in the view of all mankind. People may be said to be absolutely poor, too, whose intellectual natures have begun their development, and yet who cannot procure books, or access to libraries, or entrance into schools and colleges. But, after all, it is "style" that makes many people poor; the show in which other people live. The house that was well enough furnished before, becomes mean when the next neighbor furnishes her rooms with more expense and elegance. Bricks or wood were good enough, till another's brownstone front went up. And the sidewalk and the horse-cars would answer very well, till a neighbor's horses pranced along the street, with glittering harness and glancing wheels, and a black coachman with silver buttons drove up to the door. And the samb is true in circumstances of much humbler degree. Content is known to live in the cottage, but takes its leave after it has once visited the "mansion." "Style" is the world in many people's thoughts. Is not this arrant folly, good people? Is our own house the less comfortable because that of our neighbor is larger? Are our own blessings the less appreciable because his apparently outnumber them? Out upon such folly! The strong-minded and the wise never find themselves poor, however small their means and however cultivated their tastes may be. The world of God's creation is so much larger, so much fuller, so much more to them, than any work which man can create, that they never have a want beyond their means. Cannot you be as wise as they?

An Essay Upon Correct Grammar.

A searcher after truth writes to ask us which is grammatically correct, to say, "the house is building," or "the house is being built;" "the street is paving," or "the street is being paved?" There is a wide diversion of opinion upon this subject; but we are inclined to favor "is being built," for the following reasons: Suppose you want to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, "Johnny is spanking," or "Johnny is being spanked?" The difference to you may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny; and it is probable that if any choice were given him, he would select the former alternative. You assert, we say, that "Hannah is hugging," which, by the way, would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do, it would be positively scandalous, indeed. Precisely a similiar idea is conveyed if you say, "Hannah is being hugged," because it is a peculiarity of the act that it is hardly ever one-sided; there is no selfishness about it. And it is the same with kissing. "Jane is kissing," is just exactly as if we should say, "Jane is being kissed; and the sensation is the same. It will not be necessary, however, for our correspondent to attempt to prove this last mentioned fact by practice. He must take our own word for it. Unless he does so, we shall answer no more questions in Syntax for him or any one else. Our duty to conserve the morals of the community, not to start people to playing private games of Copenhagen.

A toper got so much on his stomach the other day that said organ repelled the load. As he leaned against a lamp-post vomiting, a little dog happened to stop by him, whereupon he indulged in this soliloquy: "Well, now, here's a conundrum. I know where I ate the baked beans, I remember where I ate that lobster, I recollect where I got that rum, but I'm hanged if I can recall where I ate that little yaller dog.

Stokes on Trial.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes, for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., was resumed in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Boardman. The prisoner himself was placed on the stand on his own behalf, and his examination lasted all day. He explained at length the circumstances of his business relations with Fisk, their subsequent litigations, and the various legal proceedings which arose from them. He narrated the progress of the libel suit instituted against Fisk by Josephine Mansfield, and having stated how he left Yorkville Police Court on the morning of the shooting, he detailed his subsequent movements up to the time of his arrival at the Grand Central Hotel. He was induced to enter the hotel by seeing a lady in the window above he thought he recognized as a friend he met at Saratoga during the previous summer, and he endeavored, but without success, to bring a friend, Mr Daley, with him. After entering the hotel he found that the lady was not the person whom he supposed, and he turned to go away; he had got down three or four steps, when he saw Fisk inside the second door; Fisk pulled his pistol out, and witness sprang to the left to be out of range. The witness here described Fisk as holding his pistol with both hands, and said he immediately took his pistol out of his right-hand coat pocket, and fired. Fisk cried "Oh" at the first shot, and at the second he turned partly around and said he was shot, and seemed to drop his pistol; had no premeditation to kill Fisk, and had no time to think; saw Fisk's pistol distinctly, and believed his own life to be in danger and he instantly took out his own pistol, cocked it, and fired as rapidly as possible, aiming at Fisk, but not thinking of killing, and not taking any particular aim. He denied the testimony of Thomas Hart that he crouched as if waiting for some one, and never used the words, "Now I have you;" did not go into the ladies' parlor, and dropped his pistol not there, but at the head of the stairs; did not say "I have just come in;" Fisk did not identify him as the man who shot him, but simply said, when he was confronted with him, "That is Mr. Stokes." Witness described that Fisk was a desperate, unscrupulous, vindictive man; that he had made threats against his life, and, in consequence of these threats, he was always apprehensive of violence through his agency; Fisk boasted to him that his touch was cold and clammy, that it was dangerous to cross him, and that Dorman B. Eaton would not trouble him any more. He denied the testimony of Parker that he said "Fisk was a ----- black-mailer, and that he would shoot him;" he had no acquaintance with Parker, and the statement was an invention. He repeated the evidence concerning the case given at the last trial, and was then subjected to a severe cross-examination.

In Peril from a Drunken Engineer.

A few nights since the locomotive of a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was run between Pittsburg and Altoona by an engineer who had, unknowingly to the conductor, become considerably intoxicated in the former city. At times, at the most dangerous places, the man put the engine to its utmost test---forty-five and fifty miles an hour. But whenever he saw a red light he reversed the locomotive, and brought into operation the patent air-brakes. The stoppages from Pittsburg to Altoona on this account were very many, and the train was several hours late on arriving at the latter place. The peculiar movements of the train greatly excited the passengers and filled them with painful amazement. The conductor had become informed of the engineer's condition, but he could find no one to whom he could entrust the responsibility of running the train. He studiously kept the secret from the passengers, lest its divulgement would fill them with terror. Notwithstanding the dangerous hands in which probably a hundred lives had been placed, the train reached the end of the engineer's run with safety. It is needless to add that the drunken employee of the company was promptly discharged. He had previously been considered one of the best and most reliable engineers---as he was one of the oldest---on the road. On the day of the accident, unfortunately, he fell in with a party of friends, and drank an inordinate quantity of liquor.---*Altoona (Penn.) Tribune.*

A New Invention in Telegraphy.

When Sir William Thompson invented his reflecting galvanometer, and showed its usefulness for telegraphic purposes, he insured the success of under sea cables, whatever their length. With this instrument, the movements of the little reflector enables the clerk to read off the message by careful watching. But recently Sir William Thompson has invented an instrument---the patent siphon recorder---which, as its name indicates, writes or records the message, as received, on a strip of paper. It is an essential condition of such an instrument that it shall be very light; and the siphon, in this case, made of capillary tubing, is not thicker than a horse-hair. Indeed, so small is the bore, that the ink will not flow therein of itself, but squirts out when electrified. The siphon is connected with a coil of copper-wire, an electro-magnet, and an ebonite disk, armed with pieces of soft iron, which being attracted by the magnet, is kept rotating, and regulates the current flowing from the battery and the cable. Acted on by this current, the ink, as already stated, squirts from the siphon, and writes a succession of dots and dashes, which represent the letters of the alphabet. To an unaccustomed eye, the writing is a confused unmeaning scribble; but a good telegraph clerk will read it off as if it were ordinary writing. Thus a message will deliver itself from the other side of the ocean, thousand of miles distant; and telegraphy has achieved another triumph.---*Chambers's Journal.*

Boswell once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," was the reply. "Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of fraud that he was certain would be found out." "Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is know."

Tried and True.

The inexhaustible romance of emigration, of which in modern days our country is almost always the objective point, has its latest recorded illustration in a quiet little story recently made public through the circumstances of its gratifying conclusion.

Several years ago, in one of the midland counties of England, the son of a poor clergyman became enamored of a young lady named Moss, who lived in London, but was at that time passing the summer with her aunt, one of the minister's parishioners. Miss Moss was most graciously disposed toward her rural adorer, and as he was a gentleman by birth and a welcome guest in the most respectable country houses the society of the village recognized, there was no incompatibility in the affair. Upon her return to London, however, the young lady, whose father was a wealthy merchant, received so little sympathy from her family in the affair of the heart which she had to disclose to them, that she felt impelled to write rather disconsolately to her lover on the subject; and when he, upon hastening to the metropolis to present himself, was received with repellant coldness by the parents, the prospect for the lovers seemed unpromising enough.

Not to be thus dismissed, though, the clergyman's son obtained a private interview with the reluctant merchant, and stoutly asked why he was not eligible for the alliance he desired. The blunt answer was that his worldly circumstances were not suitable. He was poor and likely to remain so, and should seek a wife adapted to his means. Deeming the concluding piece of advice gratuitous, the lover took leave of the father with no great cordiality; but upon bidding adieu to his lady-love, asked her very earnestly if she would promise to wait for him until he should have gained for himself the means and position necessary to change the parental decision. The answer was as affirmative as earnest, and, without further explanation, the rejected suitor said a hurried good-by. Miss Moss heard no more of him until nearly three months thereafter, when a letter bearing an American post-mark amazed her with the information that he had crossed the Atlantic to seek the appointed fortune, and had high hopes of soliciting the fulfillment of her promise in about two years.

A half-brother of his father was a merchant in Leavenworth, Kansas, and had given him countenance and general assistance by which he was sanguine that he could not fail to speculate successfully in city psoperty. Only let her remain faithful to him and in two years her father should see him in London again with plenty of money in his pockets. She answered appropriately, with a faith in the future as unworldly as his own, and from thenceforth their letters passed each other on the ocean by every steamer.

The story of American fortune-making by immigrants has not much variety. Occasionally the dream is at least partly realized, but as a general thing deferred hope is the burden of the song. The young Englishman in Kansas was always just about to do better, but the time of actual golden consummation never chanced to come. Two years and three years and four rolled on, and still he remained on this side of the sea and wrote hopeful letters. During this time his father, the clergyman, died, leaving an estate so meagre to the widow and daughter that the exile could not think of going back to his old home as poor as when he left. But the father of Miss Moss departed this life also, and about three months ago the true-hearted heiress wrote to her finally desponding lover that, as he could not go to her, she had decided to come to him.

Accordingly, the spirited young lady, disregarding the still urgent objections of her kindred, and leaving a London home of luxury and refinement, crossed the Atlantic alone, and on Sunday last arrived at a hotel in Leavenworth, where her yet impecunious lover was to, and of course did, meet her. They were married on the same day, and it may be added, that their journey will be back to the old country. A serious temporary sacrifice was involved, of course, in the fair voyager's bold trip to this country on such an errand; but, as already noted, she is now an heiress; her array of traveling trunks is spoken of as something wonderful, and the reunited lovers will return to their native land, as husband and wife, in the glow of a romance to which riches will give all necessary gentility.

Love Lore.

January.---The 1st of January is one of the earliest days in the year you can take a wife on, if you want to. If you really want two, though, you can't, because it is not legal.

February.---Feathered songsters choose their mates. This month they pick them, presently they will peck them. Go thou and do likewise.

March.---Don't believe the woman who says she will give you her heart this month. It is not given---it's Lent!

April.---The 1st is All-Fool's Day. This is the day to make promises of marriage, and accept accommodation bills. Go it!

May.---Trusting maidens, don't believe in a chimney-sweep's suit this month! The fellow will most likely wash it all off on May-day.

June.---The longest day occurs this month. Take care it doesn't come in the latter end of your honey-moon.

July.---Every dog has his day this month. Bachelor dog-days are numbered.

August.---The first mail, 1784! Poor fellow!

September. --- Michaelmas - day this month. Wise geese keep close.

October.---Old Michaelmas-day used to fall on the 11th of this month. Hoary-headed and unmarried old ganders chuckle at the thought of their escape.

November.---Mothers of large families should get their Guys off their hands, if possible, this month.

December.---If you have not been hooked before midnight on the 31st, you are safe for this year at least.

The ship Benares, which left Hong Kong for San Francisco on the 12th of September, has been wrecked off the Loo Choo Islands, and all perished except five.

Sights in Algiers.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* chats pleasantly about what he saw in Algiers: Any of the streets ascending the hill from the Place de Chartres---which may almost be considered as the extreme limit of the European town---will lead immediately to the Mahometan quarter. Here will be found obscure and frequently vaulted narrow thoroughfares, resembling alleys, bordered by houses, where the monotony of the bare plaster walls is only broken at wide intervals by quite small casements crossed with iron bars, and low arched doorways. There are no gardens or verdure, and hardly a foot of even sickly-looking vine or fig tree dying amidst the rubbish of its cross-ways; there are mosques so surrrounded by buildings that they can hardly be seen, vapor baths whither people go mysteriously, the men at night, the women in the daytime. In a word, the Mahometan quarter of Algiers is a compact and confused mass of masonry, where almost every vestige of life is hidden, and where it seems as if it were forbidden that gaiety should be heard. The doors of the houses are never opened but half way, and they then close again by their own weight. Every thing looks suspicious about these curious buildings, which are admirably adapted for their masters' love of secrecy. The small casements looking on to the street are barred, and every kind of precaution is taken against curiosity from without and indiscretion from within.

Inside these bars, dismal-looking walls and massive doors, resemble the gates of citadels, and the two great mysteries of the country---namely, the personal fortune of its inhabitants, and its women, of either of which much is known. Money hardly circulates. It is only seen passing from the hand of an Arab to an Arab hand, and is only used to purchase the ordinary daily necessities of life, and jewelry. The women go out but seldom. In public they are invariably veiled, and the baths, which are their usual places of resort, are inviolable. Passing along these lonely alleys, beside these silent dwellings, one hears noise which are almost imperceptible to the human ear, and whispers which might be mistaken for sighs. At times it is the sound of a voice coming through an aperture in the wall, or descending from the terrace on the roof of the house; at others it is the whimpering of a child complaining in a strange tongue, whose lisp mingled with sobs has no signification for a foreign ear; at others again it is the strain of an instrument whose unique note, slowly marking the measure of an unheard song, seems to accompany a dream. It is thus that the captive consoles himself, dreaming of a liberty which she has never had, and which she cannot understand. There is an Arab proverb which says, "When a woman has seen the guest, she cares no more for her husband," and upon this precept the whole system of conjugal life among Mahometans is based. Their houses, whether they be agreeable or not to those by whom they are inhabited, whether their interiors be luxurious or poor, are prisons. They are like iron safes, of which the avaricious masters have the keys, and within which they lock up all their secrets, so that no one may know what they possess.

One Result of Housekeeping.

Nothing robs one of that sort of personal vanity which youth is so apt to feel so soon as keeping house. If one never did that, it might be that the vain-glorious idea that it is a great thing to be the identical I which one happens to be, would never be properly modified; but a short experience of housekeeping proves conclusively that one is only of importance according to one's relation to each other folk.

There is a potato man who plainly thinks that if you do not take potatoes of him your mission on earth remains unfulfilled. There is an ice company which feels that your destiny is to buy ice. There is a gas company, to which you are number twenty-four, such a street, and can only prove your identity by depositing a certain sum of money in the company's hands.

You are "the person that is being painted" to the painter; and his notion becomes literally true, if you enter your domicile in a hurry, forgetful of his pots and brushes. You are so much meat a week to the butcher, and so many dollars a month to the cook.

In yourself you are nothing---sad or glad, tired, tormented, or in a state of beautitude, it matters not to any of these people. You are the big machine that winds the house up, winds food and furniture into it, and winds money out to pay for it all.

Oh for the golden dreams of early youth, when dinner was as natural a blessing as sunrise, and one never thought where the tin pans and teakettle came from; when, in a white dress and blue sash, one could repose upon a sofa, heedless of the rattle of ice-cart wheels or the howl of the milkman, unconscious of the awful days ahead, when every new arrival of the sort would be succeeded by a howl for "missus," and when one would be responsible for the sweetness of the butter, and the plentifulness of the green peas at that early season when they shell out small *Ledger.*

Odor of Rattlesnakes.

A writer in *Chamber's Journal*, referring to the peculiar and offensive odor given forth from the body of a rattlesnake when the reptile is enraged, recalls a remarkable instance of escape, which may be credited to a knowledge of this fact, coupled, however, with presence of mind, which fully attones for the rashness of the act which called it into exercise. Dr. Hamilton Roe, having opened a box directed to the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, London, put his hand under the layer of dry moss which appeared, to see what was there. He touched something alive, and the *smell* told him it was a rattlesnake. Had he withdrawn his hand rapidly, he would have been bitten to a certainty, since the odor is only apparent when the animal is enraged. Knowing this, he had the presence of mind to stroke the reptile, which allowed him to take his hand gently away. So powerful and permanent is this oder that, when a shake is irritated, and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him, the implement often retains the odor for months.

Items of Interest.

An Ohio dairyman wishes to patent the application of galvanism for the destruction of cheese mites.

Provisions are so scarce in Corea that the natives willingly pay two young women for a bushel of grain.

Never carry a grammar to the bank, under the impression that the teller will receive it as a parse book.

The Amyntas was wrecked while going from Holyhead to Workington, and everyone on board was lost.

The man King, who confessed himself the murderer of Pook at Greenwich, England, has been found insane and discharged.

Theodore Brown, a farmer, living in Hendricks County, Indiana, killed his wife by striking her over the head with a chair.

A tradesman of Paris has been sent to prison for two years for placing placards in his window insulting to the National Assembly.

In Colorado, when a lady wears diamond jewelry to any extent, she is alluded to by the local gusher as being well "salted."

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue wishes Congress to pass a bill "preventing the manufacture of imitation wines without payment of tax by stamps."

Young Willie (to whom dear Grandpa has just offered half a dollar). "No, thank you, Grandad. You stick to it a bit longer, and lay it out at Interest, and I'll get all the more when you pop off, Old Man."

People who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs, will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in one of the local prints, promptly went home.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "If I turn Mormon and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary too, for your own dear sake!" "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a super-new-Mary."

The President of France usually dines as follows: A plate of soup, the wing of a chicken, a few leaves of salad, a glass of claret, and bonbons *ad libitum* If he wishes to dine heartily he adds a mutton-chop. Instead of Champagne or liquors, he indulges in humorous conversation and sparkling witticisms.

In the spring of 1871 Rev. Dr. C. J. Gibson, pastor of Grace Episcopal Church at Petersburgh, Va., gave to each of his 250 Sunday-school scholars six grains of corn and directed them to plant it and send in the proceeds for foreign missions. The corn, on being delivered, was found to amount to about five barrels, worth about twenty dollars. The idea is novel, but really commendable.

In Connecticut, a certain justice was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?" "Why, answered the other, rather chargrined at the question, "I can swear that I'm not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest, so go along Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

The Extirpation of the Buffalo.

Secretary Delano takes a new and instructive view of the question of the prospective extirpation of the bison. With a heartless disregard of the rights of the noble sportsmen, who feel that they have lived in vain if they have not proved their valor by chasing buffalo-cows on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, he suggests that the sooner the game is disposed of the better for civilization. His argument is that the Indians will continue more or less intractable while the hunting-grounds remain; but, as they become convinced that they can no longer rely upon the supply of game for their support, they will turn to the more equable source of subsistence furnished at the agencies, and endeavor to live so that the supply will be regularly dispensed. Stripped of its verbiage, this means simply that the only way to civilize the red man is to starve him into submission. However philanthropists may regard this suggestion, it is underlaid by something more than a modicum of truth. With a few exceptional cases, such as the Cherokees and Creeks, the Indians have shown no disposition to abandon their vagrant habits; but, following the wild herds from which they have derived their subsistence for centuries, they have wandered westward year by year before the white man's advance, preferring to pick up a scanty, chance subsistence, rather than to stoop to manual labor. Thus bison and savage are travelling rapidly the road to extinction; and the child is born to whom both will be almost as much an object of curiosity in our country as the elephant is now.

Full-Dress Coiffures.

The stylish Josephine coiffure is already preferred to the Pompadour, and for full dress, prevails almost without exception. Old-fashioned side-combs are worn at the back of the neck, to keep the hair up smoothly; the hair is lightly tied together, and arranged in a cluster of light finger-puffs at the top of the head. A braided coronet is worn above the forehead, and light, trifling frizzes are in favor among ladies with low, broad brows. A very striking coiffure is made by placing three long and very light finger puffs lengthwise above the forehead.

Flowers are worn upon the top of the head, but this style, though dictated by fashion, is often deviated from, and those to whom the extra height is unbecoming, place flowers, aigrettes, etc., at the left side, just back of the ear.

Carved combs of tortoise-shell have been restored of late, but these have been followed by cheap and ungraceful imitations which have lessened the popularity of the real. All kinds of ornamental combs, however, are in more or less favor, and many of these, of gilt, and enamel are handsome of themselves.

A moderate wearing of curls is not forbidden, and all arrangements of the hair that are seemingly unstudied and irregular, are particularly to be admired.